

mangers run along the side walls and into the irregular recesses, which are lost in the darkness. The platform is for human beings, and the rest of the building for horses, mules, oxen, asses, and buffaloes, with a few sheep and goats probably in addition. The *katirgis* and the humbler class of travellers sleep among the beasts, the remainder, without distinction of race, creed, or sex, on the enclosed space. Light enters from the door and from a few small holes in the roof, which are carefully corked up at night, and then a few iron cups of oil with wicks, the primitive lamp in general use, hanging upon the posts, give forth a smoky light.

In such an *odah* there may be any number of human beings cooking, eating, and sleeping, and from twenty to a hundred animals, or more, as well as the loads of the pack-horses and the arms of the travellers. As the eye becomes accustomed to the smoke and dimness, it sees rows of sweet ox faces, with mild eyes and moist nostrils, and wild horse faces surrounding the enclosure, and any number more receding into the darkness. Ceaseless munching goes on, and a neigh or a squeal from some unexpected corner startles one, or there is a horse fight, which takes a number of men to quell it. Each animal is a "living stove," and the heat and closeness are so in-supportable that one awakes quite unrefreshed in the morning in a temperature of 80°. The *odah* is one of the great features of travelling in Eastern Asia Minor. I dined and spent the evenings in its warmth

and cheeri-
ness, enjoying its wild picturesqueness, but at
Tjndzag I
pitched my small tent at the stable door,
and at Ghazit
on the roof, and braved the cold in it.

Boy is usually close to me, eating scraps
from my
dinner, and gently biting the back of my neck
when he
thinks that I am forgetting his presence. He
amuses all
the men everywhere by his
affectionateness, and eating